"The Gentleman From New York"

A Profile From the New Yorker Magazine of Hon. Jacob K. Javits of New York

by E. J. Kahn, Jr.

Printed in the Congressional Records of March 1 and June 6, 1950

Not printed at Government expense
EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. JAMES G. FULTON *
OF PENNSYLVANIA

Mr. FULTON. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following article from the magazine New Yorker concerning our colleague from New York, Hon. Jacob K. JAVITS:

PROFILES—THE GENTLEMAN FROM NEW YORK
(By E. J. Kahn, Jr.)

As the Member of the House of Representatives from the Twenty-first Congressional District of New York, JACOB KOPPEL JAVITS, an energetic, informed, and ambitious lawyer generally addressed by the people whose backs he shares as Jack, is the spokesman on this national scene for the slightly more than 300,000 inhabitants of the upper west side of Manhattan. JAVITS, who was born on the lower east side of Manhattan, has been in Congress only 3 years, but he has so rapidly adjusted to his environment that he can now use a phrase like “warp and woof” in ordinary parlance conversation without blinking. He is a stocky man of 45, 5 feet 9 inches in height, with a gleaming bald head and gleaming white teeth. His appearance suggests an erudite version of Jack Benny, with whom, unlike some of his legislative colleagues, he has nothing occupational in common. JAVITS has always been an exceptionally serious-minded man, and he is a serious-minded legislator. He has a high regard for businesslike efficiency and is himself a sturdy example of it. When he first went to Congress, another legislator asked a mutual friend what kind of political machine the new man had behind him. “JAVITS doesn’t need one” was the answer. “He is a machine.” JAVITS has a strong social conscience, an alert and retentive mind, a fluent tongue, a courtly manner, and an air of indomitable self-assurance. He dresses expensively and carefully but without the flashiness of many politicians. During one of the two congressional campaigns in which he has been a candidate, a coworker suggested to him that he enhance his visual appeal to the voters by adopting some gay sartorial symbol. The friend mentioned Al Smith’s brown derby and the success that that had enjoyed. JAVITS forthwith bought himself a black fedora, and scarcely took it off his head until election day. There is no reason to believe that it influenced a single vote.

The Twenty-first District, a politically, socially, and intellectually heterogeneous area

* Introduced in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD by a colleague of Mr. JAVITS.
that well over half of his constituents could now, if challenged, name their representative. If that is so, he is, by big-city political standards remarkably well known in his district. His relative renown stems partly from the diligence with which he has looked out for the interests of his flock, and partly from his having demonstrated a deft flair for getting his name publicized not only within the narrow limits of the Twenty-first District but also in the outside world, where he has had to compete for attention with the favorite sons of the four hundred and thirty-four other congressional districts. Javits works hard to this end. He almost never makes a speech or issues a statement without embodying in it expressions of sentiment that he regards as quotable and without distributing numerous mimeographed copies thereof. When Drew Pearson, who had once described him as "an effective operator," failed to mention him in an item that Javits thought he deserved to be counted in, Javits had himself telephoned the columnist, fearful that he might somehow unwittingly hurt his feelings and eager to make amends. Such enterprise has paid off. Javits was, for example, the only Congressman to be honored by Forbes Magazine, a while ago, on a page headed "Thoughts on the Business of Life," in which one of Javits' thoughts (it had to do with the responsibilities of the United States to the rest of the world) was quoted alongside thoughts of Abraham Lincoln, George Eliot, Irving Berlin, and an anonymous hotel proprietor in Syracuse who had put up a sign on his premises stating that business has never invented a substitute for customer satisfaction. Many of Javits' constituents feel that, by gaining recognition of such a high type, their congressman has brought them gratifying recognition, too. "You've put Washington Heights on the map," a pastor of that neighborhood told him a few weeks ago. Javits takes a more modest view of his eleven years. "I've done a lot for the district," he says, "but the district has done a lot for me, too."

The mere fact of being elected a Congressman does a lot for any man. It generally means, for instance, that his State bureau of motor vehicles grants him a distinguished-locking license plate; Javits' current New York number is an eye-catching and cop-stopping JJ 20. Like his colleagues, he is entitled to, among other prerogatives, free medical care in Federal hospitals; Government-printed calling cards proclaiming his eminence; 68 copies of each daily printing of the Congressional Record and two bound sets of the collected issues of that massive and colorful journal; Government-made ice cubes, in the event that he should care to offer a drink to a constituent or a colleague visiting his office; Government-owned office furniture; and Government-supplied paper clips, towels, soap, brooms, and hothouse plants. The plants are lent to Congressmen to brighten their offices by the United States Botanic Garden, a couple of blocks from the Capitol. When the plants begin to wilt, the Garden obligingly sends a man around to pick them up and substitute fresh ones.

Congressmen otherwise decorate their chambers according to individual taste. One of Javits' closest legislative cronies, is an ardent collector of ancient paintings and statuary; his office resembles an antique shop. In the realm of fine arts, Javits himself, like the majority of his colleagues, prefers to make do with what is readily available—calendar art bestowed upon the Nation's legislators by railroads and air lines, and framed, like any similar decoration, at the cost of the Government, provided that the users supply the glass. Javits has elected to deck his legislative headquarters with sparkling vistas of MacArthur Park, in Los Angeles; Old North Church, in Boston; and the lower tip of Manhattan, which is part of the Sixteenth Congressional District. An occasional visitor from the Twenty-first may grumble that, geographically speaking, this gallery is hardly suitable, but without departing from his make-do policy Javits is powerless to remedy the situation; the travel companies have not as yet seen fit to pay pictorial tribute to Marble Hill, Manhattanville, or Hamilton Grange. Javits is assigned a two-room air-conditioned suite in the older of the two House Office Buildings, adjacent to the Capitol. His windows afford a view of an interior courtyard. As his seniority increases he will be entitled to better quarters, and someday, perhaps, will enjoy an outside view from the new House Office Building. On the desk in his private chamber, as befits a man in his job, are a Bible, an elephant, and pictures of his mother, his wife, and his two small children; behind the desk is an American flag, and on the floor next to the desk a spittoon, both furnished all Congressmen by a Government sensitive to legislators' needs. There are bookcases whose contents attest to the authenticity of Javits' interests in Science and Farming, the Veterans Come Back, Poland Struggles Forward, and a 1947 Texas Almanac. Framed on the walls are a replica of the United Nations Charter; a Government pay check for 43 cents earned by Javits during part of 1941, when he was a dollar-a-year man; a photograph of the Eightieth Congress taken on January 3, 1947, his first day in office; and a copy of H.R. 3762, a piece of legislation known as the National Heart Act, that went into effect on June 16, 1948, and that is, to date, the only bill introduced by Javits (except for one affecting a lone constituent of his) to have become the law of the land. In the same frame with H.R. 3762, which provides for Government-sponsored research into causes of and cures for heart and cardio-vascular diseases, is the pen President Truman signed it with. Javits had to pay for this fancy job; the House framing service draws the line at three-dimensional objects.
Javitts has a staff of six assistants, which is about normal for a legislator who takes his work seriously and has, or contrives to have, a good deal of work to do. His aides are evenly divided between the two poles of his political axis. In New York, he has a personal secretary and two part-time political secretaries, one representing the Republican Party and one the Liberal Party, who act as liaison men between him and his constituents. In Washington, sharing the outer office that leads into Javitts', are another personal secretary, a press-and-legislative secretary, and a stenographer. None of the six is related to Javitts, by blood or by marriage. All are on the Federal pay roll, and last year they collectively received $20,170. Javitts' salary came to $12,500, and he also got a tax-free expense allowance of $2,500. Then there was $800 for stationery, $500 for telegrams and long-distance phone calls (local calls are on the House), and—since each Congressman is granted 20 cents a mile, every session, for the round trip between Washington and his home district—$89.20 for carfare.

Javitts and the members of his staff take in, among them, more than $35,000 a year, but it costs closer to $50,000 a year to run his legislative office. He is able to make ends meet because, like many other Congressmen, he leads a perfectly honorable double life; hedevotes some time to the law firm, of which he is still a partner, that he was associated with in his pre-legislative days, and he continues to draw an income from it, though a considerably smaller one than he did when he was a single-minded man. Javitts supplements his aides' pay cut of his own pocket; he spends nearly $2,000 twice a year for printing and addressing a letter to 90,000 of his constituents, reporting on his activities; his telegrams and long-distance calls come to much more than he is allotted for them; he keeps up residences in both Washington and New York; and he has to foot a personal transportation bill that all by itself more than eats up his expense allowance. Congressmen whose districts are remote from Washington are rarely able to get back where they came from during a legislative session, but men whose districts are nearby find it not only possible but useful to make frequent trips home.

Many legislators from New York, Philadelphia, and other places reasonably close to Washington habitually attend to local affairs at least a week out of every three. In Washington, they are known among their envious brethren from far away as members of the Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday-Club, a reference to the prevailing belief that they can be counted on to be present in the House only on those three midweek days, if then. Indeed, in deference to their habits, and to their numbers, the House often waits until the middle of the week to vote on important bills, and its committees hold most of their meetings then.

Javitts is an unusually conscientious legislator and can often be found in Washington on a Monday or a Friday, just as if he hailed from Oregon or Arizona, but in order to be on tap at the Capitol and also to spend what he considers a proper amount of time in New York, he has taken to commuting wildly, and expensively, between the two places. He regularly makes 3 or 3 round trips a week and has been known to make a couple in a day. When he first took office, he often used the Congressional Limited, but he has become more and more pressed for time and now generally flies. Some Thursday afternoons, as Representatives from New York City rush out of the House and wing toward home, Javitts finds himself on a plane with half a dozen of his colleagues. On one such day last fall, he took a seat next to a stranger, and they got to talking about children. In the course of the conversation, Javitts, referring to his year-old daughter, said carryingly, "She talks a lot but doesn't make any sense." Two other homebound Congressmen, who had evidently heard all his sentence except the introductory pronoun, turned and glared fiercely at him.

Javitts talks a lot himself and, operating in an arena where making a noise is not necessarily a qualification for admittance, he is admired by old-timers around the Capitol for the amount of it he makes. Last summer, the House was about to take its final action on a housing measure that after many weeks of wrangling had finally been approved by a joint Senate-House conference committee and was thus, as legislative procedure ordinarily goes, far beyond the stage of protracted debate. Nevertheless, when the conference report came back to the House for formal ratification, a few die-hard Representatives who disapproved of Federal housing rose to urge windily that every hod carrier working on a Government housing project be compelled to file a non-Communist affidavit, and to hint darkly that the House of Representatives itself was infested with Reds, pinks, and other heretics of allied hue. At that point, Javitts asked for and got the floor. He said, in notably few words, that everyone present who had been against Federal housing all along would probably vote against the conference report and that everyone who had been for it all along would probably vote for it, so why didn't his distinguished colleagues just vote and get it over with? The effect of so rational a suggestion was startling. The debate halted instantaneously, the bill passed, at a saving to the taxpayers of heaven knows how many Congressman-hours.

During the three congressional sessions in which Javitts has participated—two in the Eightieth Congress and one in the Eighty-first—he has been outstanding for his lack of reticence which so generally characterizes fledgling legislators. It is axiomatic in congressional circles that the best way for a freshman to get along, and to insure his re-election, is to keep his mouth shut. Javitts
was an impressively articulate courtroom lawyer prior to entering politics, and silence is foreign to his nature. He began his first session in Washington by holding himself fairly well in check, remaining officially mute until Congress had been meeting for more than 2 weeks. Then, however, he cut loose. When the House adjourned that fall, he had recovered so sensationally from his slow start that the index to the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD for the session showed him to have been more active vocally, than any other Manhattan Congressman. The second session of the Eightieth Congress had been under way only 3 days when Javits took the floor, and when the Eighty-first Congress convened, a year ago, he gave tongue, with the confidence of an old hand, the very first day. (This current session, he was mute for a week, but possibly only because he was preoccupied by the birth of a son the day before Congress convened.)

Throughout the very first day in his seat on the floor of the House by holding forth on something like a hundred and fifty themes, including James G. Blaine, health conditions in Brazil, CARE packages, Indonesia, the death of Jan Makaryk, Pan-American Day, Herbert Hoover, overtime pay, immigration quotas, and the War in the West Indies, rent control for hotels, segregation in Washington schools, the profits of the General Foods Corp., Wendell Willkie, the United States Employment Service, the United States Information Service, air-mail rates, retirement pay for Army officers, the preservation of the dairy industry, American policy toward Spain, the Russian threat to the Dardanelles, Ethlu Root, the character of the German people, wheat, children, wool, the Jackson Hole National Monument, and, it goes without saying, New York City. As a fervent champion of this city Javits once collaborated eulogistically with Representative Arthur G. Klein, a Manhattan Democrat from the Nineteenth Congressional District, who had felt impelled to pay tribute to his home town and various of its subdivisions—Wall Street, Greenwich Village, Chinatown, Little Italy, the Bowery, and so on. Javits, perhaps motivated partly by the fact that Klein had inadvertently neglected to mention the lower East Side, where most of Klein's constituents live, took up the ball and not only rectified that omission but added Park Avenue and "my own Washington Heights" as a couple of other regions he felt the House, at that particular moment of history, should pause to take cognizance of. "We are really a collection of small towns," he said, "not an amorphous mass of people and masonry. There is as much good will, kindness, hospitality, and consideration per square foot in New York as in any other part of Americas, town or country. New York's millions of friendly citizens, its rapid transit, its restaurants of many nationalities, its magnificent shops, its unmatched theater and music, the sheer tempo of its movement, are the joy of invention, the passion for freedom, and the drive for progress which is America." So rapidly transit Javits.

The principal business of a legislator is, theoretically, at least, to legitimate. While Javits has been in the House, around twenty-three thousand bills or resolutions have been introduced there—about 18 per Representative per session. When legislation presented to one Congress fails to get anywhere, its sponsor (if he is still there) frequently presents it to the next Congress; Javits has a 3-year total of 90 pieces of legislation—slightly over par for the course—including 13 that he has preferred hopefully to both the Eightieth and the Eighty-first Congresses. Some 20 of his offerings, including 4 repeaters, have been designed to assist individuals. Measures of this sort are known as private bills, and they are traditionally passed without objection once they get to the House floor. The very fact that a bill is introduced is to get them there. Some private bills introduced 10 years ago and reintroduced in each new Congress since then have yet to be reported out of the committees given jurisdiction over them. One of Javits' private bills would oblige the Government to pay $500 to a constituent of his who posted a bond in that amount with the Immigration and Naturalization Service in 1931, as a guaranty for his sister, who was allowed that year to enter the United States as an alien in transit, while on her circuitous way from Havana to Nassau. She didn't leave the country when she was supposed to, and the bond was forfeited. Nobody tried especially hard to deport her, and in 1937 the State Department, letting bygones be bygones, decreed that she might stay here indefinitely. Following that the immigration people said that they would gladly return her brother's $500 but that they wouldn't have to be formally authorized to do so by Congress. A bill providing legislation enabling this in 1948. It died with the Eightieth Congress and he hasn't got around to reintroducing it yet. Javits has had one private bill passed. It related to a merchant seaman who, while ashore at Leghorn, Italy, in 1946, was struck and injured by a military vehicle that he took to be a United States Army truck, and who wants damages from the Government. Javits' bill has granted the man the right to have his claim adjudicated by a United States District Court, where the matter may conceivably drag on for a couple more years.

The actual drafting of a bill is not the most onerous of a Congressman's chores. For one thing, the House provides a nonpartisan legislative drafting service, which, given the substance of any bill a man may have in mind, proceeds to dress it up in proper technical language. Then there is the Library of Congress, which stands ready to do whatever research a legislator may require in order to decide what he would like to put into a
bill. The first public, or nonprivate bill that Javits had directed Congress would, if enacted, have permitted the entry into the United States, without regard to immigration quotas, of certain war orphans under 14. Having thus made his debut on the public-bill level, Javits went on spiritedly to propose legislation having to do with juvenile delinquency, meat rationing, public-housing, multiple sclerosis, pensions for the widows of Federal justices, fair-employment practices, un-American activities, and the awarding of medals to members of the Army and Air Force Reserves. He has not been especially distressed by the lack of enthusiasm that most of these legislative proposals have evoked. Inevitably, some Senators to the general welfare are not always measurable by the number of laws passed with his name on them. Carrying on in a forum where obstructive criticism is the natural order of things, Javits has tried to establish himself as a constructive critic of other men's bills. He has been, in fact, more an advocate than an opponent; he has championed, to his immense satisfaction, been formally, even if all but anonymously, enacted into law. Once, he got a letter from a constituent complaining about a postwar statute that allowed alien fiancées of American servicemen to enter the United States temporarily on a nonimmigrant basis. Certain terms of this law, all those sweethearts whose romances soured after they got here and who didn't get married were liable to deportation, with the exception of German nationals, who, because the German quota had not been filled, owing to the postwar restrictions on general immigration from that country, could remain here in any event. Inevitably, some Germans had been taking advantage of this loophole and, with the connivance of Americans who were willing to let themselves be called sweethearts for immigration purposes, had been crossing the Atlantic ostensibly to get married but actually just to get resettled. Javits, when denounced by his constituent's account of this uneven state of affairs, and, noting that an immigration bill of some kind seemed on the point of being passed by the House, he tried to tack an amendment onto it requiring that German fiancées be treated the same as other fiancées. The general feeling at the time was that the matter could be dealt with administratively, rather than by new legislation, and the amendment was rejected, by the spectacular vote of 100–1, the sole vote for it being cast by Representative Javits (Republican-Liberal, New York). A less determined son might have let the matter rest there, but Javits, nestled by the staggering proportions of his defeat, pleaded his cause earnestly to some Senatorial friends, and convinced them that a law was necessary. They inserted Javits amendment into the version of the immigration bill that was later approved by the Senate, and presently had pleasure, after this and the House version had been apliced in conference, of observing his fellow-Representatives unanimously approve a measure containing precisely the provision they had so overwhelmingly rejected not long before.

In the Senate, any number of Members may jointly sponsor a single piece of legislation. In the House, if more than one Member wants to sponsor a bill, each must present it as a separate, even if identical, legislative proposal. Javits, for instance, was 1 of 96 Representatives who introduced similar bills designed to strengthen the United Nations along lines recommended by the United World Federalists. This system of multiple authorship has at least one advantage; it enables whole flocks of Representatives, when reporting to their constituents, to claim credit—by implication, at any rate—for the same statesmanlike achievement. When popular indignation over the shabby treatment of Cardinal Mindszenty was at its highest, Javits was 1 of 13 Representatives who, move'd by humanitarianism, introduced resolutions sympathizing with the cardinal's plight, and berating his oppressors. So considerably was Javits to have his views on the matter set forth in the CONGRESSIONAL Record that even after the House, by demonstrating its readiness to accept a colleague's resolution that was much like his own, had begun to take exactly the legislative action he had advocated, he felt it necessary to make one of those little caudal speeches that help to give the Record its bulging girth. "I append hereto House Resolution 65," he said, "which I offered to the same effect as the resolution now being adopted, and I am satisfied that the resolution now being adopted accomplishes the same result."

Much of Congress' legislative give-and-take is of a preliminary sort, occurring informally in restaurants, hallways, and cloakrooms, or formally at meetings of committees and subcommittees, to one or more of which every legislator is assigned. Javits, at the start of his first term, was tapped by his Republican colleagues for the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and he has served on it ever since. The committee's influence on the conduct of foreign affairs used to be modest compared with that of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Recently, however, the House group has been catching up fast, since the Government's foreign affairs and relations have been largely of a monetary nature—the European recovery program being a striking example—and since all appropriations bills originate in the House. Javits' good fortune in being assigned to this committee in the era of its ascendancy has been ERP's good fortune, too; he was one of a handful of global-minded Republican Members who worked the line when there was considerable sentiment within the committee for returning to isolationism and the Congress as a whole was dominated by the Republicans, tipped the balance in favor of distributing American largesse abroad.

In 1947, Javits and three other Representatives on the Foreign Affairs Committee went to Europe on one of those congressional fact-finding expeditions, and while in Warsaw one
day, seeking facts about displaced persons, stopped to watch a crowd of men and women shoveling rubble into trucks. One of the legislators, aware of his position as a roving ambassador of American good will, graciously offered a cigarette to an old woman on the work gang. "Cigarette, pah," she said, and thrust a shovel into his hands. Javars and his two other colleagues, though a trifle weary from fact-finding at a pace that had them visiting eight countries in 6 weeks, took the hint, grabbed shovels themselves, and together they valiantly filled a whole truck with rubble, thus giving a demonstration of good will possibly never before or since matched by any itinerant delegation of American Congressmen.

The three Representatives who went abroad with Javars contributed, as it happened, not only to expediting American foreign relations but to expediting Javars' domestic relations. When the four legislators sailed from Manhattan, one of the well-wishers who came aboard to see them off was a personable young lady, an awaylaid visitor from New York, then unmarried, had for some time been attracted. The sailing was delayed, and so was preceded by several all-visitors-ashore warnings. Each time the bells clanged, Javars gave his visitor a conservative peck, and each time his colleagues, taking advantage of the prevailing atmosphere of camaraderie, gave her a resounding kiss. After the third or fourth round, Javars cried anxiously, "How about this, boys?" "Congressional courtesy," they explained. Before the boat cleared the harbor, Javars had decided that a young lady who so manifestly appealed to other men of stature was in danger of getting away from him if he didn't act fast, so he proposed to her by ship-to-shore telephone. Two months later, when Javars and the lady were married, his fellow-members of the Foreign Affairs Committee gave the couple a handsome silver tray with all their names inscribed on it—one of the rare instances of their taking unanimous action on anything.

When in Washington, Javars usually gets to his office around 9:30 in the morning. Committee meetings generally begin at 10 and last until noon, when the House convenes. It remains in session until mid- or late afternoon or, toward the end of a congressional year, when there is much unfinished business on hand, until early the following morning. Few Congressmen spend much time on the floor unless a bill in which they are vitally interested is under consideration; some hardly ever go there. To insure their being present at critical moments, as when a close vote on an important matter is imminent, they are, like firemen or young ladies seeing ships off, alerted by bells, which ring commandingly throughout the House office buildings. Javars keeps in fairly good shape by, among other things, spending a couple of hours a week playing paddle ball, a refined
Despite this careful preparation insertions in the Record are still occasionally liable to misinterpretation. During the last session Javitts submitted for the Record's Appendix, in which Congressmen may insert material not spoken from the floor, an item that began with the statement, "This is an invitation to Members from our 26 most populous States to go to the theater. " Some Congressmen, who knew that Javitts had introduced a bill calling for the establishment of a national theater and who had heard through the legislative grapevine that he had just been in telegraphic communication with Hammerstein II, one of the producers of "South Pacific," read out with high anticipation, only to find that Javitts' encouraging preamble was followed simply by a listing of the names of more than 250 summer theaters in 26 States that a theatrical acquaintance had asked him to insert as evidence of the ubiquity of the stage. Javitts had sent a telegram to Hammerstein, all right, but merely to inquire into the possibility of buying a pair of tickets for a Saturday-night performance of "South Pacific."

Javitts' less provocative contributions to the Appendix are a less discernible housewife in his district lamenting her inability to find a decent apartment and a letter to the editor signed by J. K. Javitts and published in the Herald Tribune last year when it was searching for a definition of liberalism. The Tribune has been a supporter of Javitts, and said editorially of him, after the 1946 election: "He promises to be a legislator of a new and different nature, and we look forward to hearing more of him."

Javitts was grateful for so warm a send-off—though probably not surprised, inasmuch as the paper's chief editorial writer was one of the men who had urged him to run in the first place.

Some Congressmen cram the Appendix with lofty words they have declared at cornerstone layings, barbecues, and husking bees. Javitts has been remarkably diffident in this respect, and not for want of material, as since taking office he has made an average of two or three speeches a week at functions he has attended. If he were to accept all the invitations that come his way, he could be even more oratorically occupied, but he has chosen to confine himself, in the main, to audiences with national influence, such as the annual convention of the Grocery Manufacturers of America, and to audiences with influence in his home district, such as the Kip's Boy Scout Troop 472, Manhattan. Being one of nine Jews now in the Eighty-first Congress (he was one of seven in the Eightyforth) and an outspoken friend of the State of Israel, he is considered an exceptionally attractive drawing card by most of the Jewish organizations in the country; immediately after his election to Congress he visited Israel, at his own expense, to study conditions there, and this later made him a logical choice to christen the S. S. Haifa, the first vessel to fly the colors of the American-Israeli Shipping Co.

During a typical 3-month period, Javitts was invited to such varied functions as the annual strawberry ball and card party of the Republican Club of the seventh assembly district, north; a meeting of the American Association of Former European Jurists; a supper party of the Sisterhood of Congregation Habath Crah; a dinner of the American League for an Undivided Ireland; the installation dinner of the Ahepa; and the reading of Chapter 42 of the Order of Ahepa; commencement exercises of the Western Union Messenger School of New York; a weekend cruise on an aircraft carrier, to observe naval operations; and a ball given by the Columbia University Chinese Students' Association, at which a special award of merit was to be presented to him. All these bids happened to be among the many that Javitts was obliged to decline, except the one from the Chinese students, and, as things turned out, he might as well have declined that, too. The ball was canceled at the last minute, and the night went Javitts spent in Manhattan.

Javitts has learned that a politician must be patient about such personal disappointments, especially when they occur within his district. Not long ago, he was asked to an evening festival at a neighborhood synagogue, and replied that he had a terribly full schedule already set up for the evening in question but that he would try to make it. The elegantly dressed woman who had invited him might have raised a fuss over being thus inconvenienced, but Javitts took the whole thing with good grace. "Perhaps you had the festival on another evening and forgot to tell me," he wrote to the man who had issued the invitation, and added his expression of good wishes for the fine work he felt sure his elusive host was doing. Javitts himself tries hard not to disappoint people who are expecting him, but he makes so many engagements that now and then he can't keep up with them. One man, who had been extremely anxious to talk to him and had had a couple of lunch and cocktail dates with him make him feel that he had the problem by asking Javitts to his home for breakfast at 9 o'clock on a Sunday morning. Javitts accepted. That Sunday, the host and his wife arose early, got their children fed and out of the way, and sat around hungrily awaiting their honorable guest. Javitts arrived at 10 to 30, panting. He was dreadfully sorry to be so late, he said, but a prebreakfast engagement had lasted longer than he had figured.
PART II

A Profile of Hon. Jacob K. Javits, of New York

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. CLIFFORD P. CASE*
OF NEW JERSEY
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Tuesday, June 6, 1950

Mr. CASE of New Jersey. Mr. Speaker, under unanimous consent granted to me today, I include the following article from the magazine New Yorker concerning our colleague from New York, Hon. JACOB K. JAVITS:

PROFILES—THE GENTLEMAN FROM NEW YORK
(By E. H. Kahn, Jr.)

To a Representative in Congress it seems that the Members of his particular body politic, individually and collectively, he nicest, most generous, and most deserving people in the world. He spends about half his time looking out for their special interests, and his motto with regard to them is, as a rule, "Service with a smile." JACOB KOPPER JAVITS, the Republican-Liberal standard bearer, in the House, of the Twenty-first Congressional District of New York, has a fine set of shining white teeth, and, though by nature a rather solemn man, he is often moved to display them in fond welcome upon the approach of a constituent, much in the manner of a maître d'hôtel upon the approach of a steady and well-heeled custom. There demands on Javits' patience, endurance, and resourcefulness are, on the whole, infinitely more severe than those a head waiter has to cope with. JAVITS has served 3 years in Congress, and during that stretch has been asked by his flock to handle around 10,000 matters. Should an ex-soldier in the Twenty-first District, which takes in the upper West Side, including the entire northern tip of Manhattan and has a population of nearly a third of a million, feel, as one did not long ago, that the Veterans Administration was unfair in its decree that he ought to be treated by psychiatric therapy rather than by psychoanalysis, Javits is the man with whom the complaint is apt to be lodged. Should a lady be of the opinion that the Bureau of Internal Revenue is demanding of her a dollar and seventeen cents more than she owes on her Federal income tax, or another lady, representing an Elizabeth club, be of the opinion that the New York Public Library carries a shamefully inadequate stock of the books favored by her society, JAVITS

* Introduced in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD by a colleague of Mr. JAVITS.

892485—85160

is the man who is likely to hear about it and be expected to do something about it. He is a public servant of remarkable fortitude and energy, and every few waking hours he does a favor for a constituent—sometimes without knowing about it, since he has a staff of six assistants who dispose of many such problems in his influential name.

JAVITS is so conscientious that he makes sure his constituents are looked after even when he is thousands of miles away from them. In the summer of 1947, while in Europe on a congressional fact-finding expedition, he had a good deal of legislative research to attend to, over a wide area, but nonetheless he took pains during a stopover in Dublin to get in touch with the American consul regarding the issuance of a visa to a cousin of one of his constituents, who was eager to migrate to the Twenty-first District, and upon finding himself in Vienna he took equal pains to expedite the admission to this country of a rabbi, then in a displaced persons camp, whom a group of constituents wished to import to officiate at their temple. Javits scarcely ever fails to react sympathetically to a plea for help from a resident of his district. Recently, a young man in Washington Heights wrote in to say that he thought he was losing his mind, and what did his Congressman propose to do about it? "I am sure you will remain sane," Javits replied, and urged the man to feel free to call on him again if he needed further advice.

The gentleman from New York is a dazzling example of a successful progression from rags to riches. His father's monthly cash earnings never exceeded $40 and his political activities were confined to proselytizing for Tammany Hall on the lower East Side; his mother could neither read nor write until she was 55. The fact that the son of this underprivileged couple may now affix an Hon. to his name, is a familiar figure in the Bankers Club, calls John Hay Whitney "Jock," and can, without quivering, pay a check at "21," where he frequently dines when in New York, is an inspiration to many of his constituents, among whom are quite a few refugees from Europe seeking the realization of the American dream. In Javits' rapid rise to eminence they see the fulfillment of the aspirations they entertain for their own children, and they would be delighted if their Congressman were to make even more splendid political progress in the future. So would he.

The Congressman's father, Morris Javits, was born in 1862 in Mielinitza, which was then part of Austria and is now part of the Soviet Ukraine, and was entrusted by his parents to a rabbi, in whose steps it was hoped he would follow. Instead, when he was 22, he migrated to the United States and, like so many other newcomers from eastern Europe, went into the clothing in-
dustry. He made pants. He had been here 7 years when he met his future wife, Ida Litt-

man. She had been born in Palestine, the child of a farmer's daughter who had mar-
ried a traveling salesman from Vienna while he was passing through Galilee and had been abandoned by him shortly thereafter. Ida's mother subsequently married a Russian and went off with him to Odessa, leaving the girl in Palestine, where she was obliged to go to work at the age of 6. Ida joined her mother and stepfather in Odessa when she was 16, and 2 years after that, when the stepfather died, mother and daughter came to New York. Ida went into the clothing trade, too. She made neckties. She was married to Morris Javits in 1893, and they had two sons, Benjamin, born the following year, and Jacobs, born in 1904 and for most of the time since then known informally as Jack.

Morris Javits was a dreamy type, ill at ease in a materialistic world, and his wife, a practical woman who considered pants-

making a precariously seasonal trade, ob-
tained a degree of security for the family by persuading her husband to devote himself instead to superintending three dingy tene-

ments near the corner of Orchard and Stan-

ton Streets. That at any rate meant they could live rent-free. She helped support the family by selling toys and drygoods from a pushcart. There were about twenty adult tenants in each of the tenements over which her husband presided, and the senior Javits, in addition to performing his custodial du-
ties, represented Tammany Hall on the prem-

ises. Before every election, he would go to a nearby saloon, and from its proprietor, who controlled political disbursements in that neighborhood, receive a $2 honorarium for each tenant eligible to vote and ostensibly willing to vote Democratic.

In return for his taking the trouble to distribute these incentives, he was allowed by Tammany to perform minor philanthropic functions in its behalf, such as fixing any parking tickets acquired by pushcart peddlers on his corner. Jack attended public school in the neighborhood. By the time he finished the elementary grades, in 1916, his brother had left City College, had set up shop as a collector of bad debts, and was studying law at Fordham in his spare time. During the First World War, the family moved to Brook-
lyn, where Morris Javits died, after an opera-
tion, in 1918. On becoming the head of the family, his older son, for the sake of con-
venience, moved his mother and brother to Washington Heights. In high school up there, Jack won a prize for scholarship, was elected chairman of the senior class day committee, and was appraised by his fellow students, in their class yearbook, with the phrase "You can't tell from first appear-
ces," a judgment that was certainly pro-

phetic. 892485-35160

JACK JAVITS was graduated from high school at 16, and within a few months, hav-
ing decided to forego a college education, was earning $75 a week as a salesman of printing presses and bank equipment while he was passing through Galilee and had been abandoned by him shortly thereafter. His brother was admitted to the bar, began to practice law, and turned his bill-collecting business over to him. While chasing debtors, Jack attended New York University Law School on the side, a college degree not then being a prerequisite for such study, and, showing an early aptitude for a legislative career, won the post of anctor man on the debating team. In 1924, he, too, abandoned bill-collecting, and became a clerk in his brother's law office. He continued in that capacity until he had completed his law course.

Jack was admitted to the bar himself in 1927, and joined Benjamin in practice. Their firm, Javits & Javits, came to enjoy consider-

able success in representing minority stock-
holders in bankruptcy and reorganization cases, some of which involved millions of dollars in contested funds and, ultimately, a hundred thousand or so in legal fees for the stockholders' counsel. In most instances, Jack was the courtroom man and the desk work was done by Benjamin, who over the years has become noted as an expert in anti-
trust matters and has distinguished him-
self avocationally by helping to draw up the National Industrial Recovery Act, by helping to found a pressure group of stockholders called the Investors League, and by writing a number of books on high finance, among them a sensationally untimely one, published in 1929, entitled "Make Everybody Rich—Industry's New Goal." He has also been active, in a behind-the-scenes way, in politics, and soon after Jack began prac-
ticing law urged him to cultivate a similar interest by joining the National Republican Club. Jack was agreeable. He had been cool toward the Democratic Party ever since, as a child, he had observed his father greasing the neighbors' palms. He became a for-
went disciple of Fiorella LaGuardia, who was hard for him during the 1937 mayoralty cam-
paign and in 1940.

At a dinner party early in 1941, while Javits happened to be in Washington on busi-

ness, he met an Army general who was de-
puty to the head of the Chemical Warfare Service. The two got to talking, and the general casually mentioned that the service had been having a tough time arranging for the manufacture of a certain kind of paper filter needed for gas masks. Javits was then, and his firm still is, counsel for the National Paper Trade Association, and the next day, seeking to do a favor for his acquain-
tances, he got in touch with an official of one of the many companies affiliated with that organization and obtained his promise to produce the filters at once. The general was astonished at the ease with which this civilian could dispose of a problem that had been stump-
ing the military, and Javits was invited forthwith to become a two-day-a-week consultant to the Chemical Warfare Service. It was one of those dollar-a-year jobs. Thanks to the National Paper Trade Association and other prosperous clients of his law firm, Javits could afford to take it, and did. He impressed his new associates so profoundly that by November, despite his never having studied either chemistry or warfare, they asked him to become a full-time civilian aide to the chief of the Service. He accepted, and the following March was commissioned a major. By then, he had achieved such stature in military circles that his swearing-in ceremony was attended by five generals. That fall, in an effort to make his knowledge of soldiering somewhat commensurate with his rank, he took 6 weeks of concentrated basic training and proceeded straight from that to the Command and General Staff School, at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., thus becoming possibly the only soldier in American military history to make an academic jump roughly the equivalent, in civilian circles, of skipping from kindergarten to the Institute for Advanced Study.

At the end of the war, Javits, by then a lieutenant colonel—he is now a colonel in the Chemical Reserve—decided not to devote himself exclusively to the law but to have a fling at politics. Through George Medalie, a friend of his and a prominent Republican of long standing, he became head of the research division at the campaign headquarters of Judge Jonah J. Goldstein, the Republican and Fusion nominee for mayor in 1945. Javits' duties consisted mainly of writing speeches, and he wrote a great many, all dealing soberly with significant issues and brimming with research. Goldstein never delivered any of them, having determined to pin his hopes—unsuccessfully, as it turned out—on winning recognition and votes as a gang buster. Nonetheless, the Republican leaders in the city were grateful to Javits for his efforts, and, scouting about for a suitable means of showing their appreciation, came up the following summer with the nomination for Congressman from the Twenty-first District. On the face of it, this reward appeared as unsubstantial and unappetizing as an empty ice cream cone, for the Twenty-first was a notoriously non-Republican district. The last previous Republican to be sent to Congress from there had won out in 1920, and then only after three successive defeats. In the 1944 election a Tammany man had swamped his Republican rival by 91,747 votes to 40,718. Javits, however, was delighted with the nomination and undismissed about his prospects. He moved at once from a midtown hotel where he had been staying to an apartment at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, on the southern fringe of the Twenty-first, and shortly thereafter to more spacious quarters on the Drive at One Hundred and Fifty-first Street. (A Congressman doesn't have to live in his district, but it is considered expedient for him to do so.) He persuaded the Liberal Party to give him its official nod, too. As that party was then in its formative stage, a petition with 3,000 signatures was required to get Javits a Liberal Party line on the voting machines. Javits energetically collected a thousand signatures himself.

When Javits started his campaign, he was unknown to most of the residents of the Twenty-first District, and the Twenty-first District, even though he had lived in it briefly while in high school, was pretty much unknown to him. The candidate immediately sought to atone at least for his own ignorance by conducting extensive local research, in which he enlisted the services of, among others, Elmo Roper. Javits was rewarded with, and made public, such findings as that the Twenty-first contained 50 percent more high-school graduates and 25 percent more college graduates than the average for New York City's 23 other congressional districts, and that within it were 6 homes for the aged, 81 churches, and a hundred delicatessens. Javits further revealed, presumably to bolster his suggestive conservative credentials, the way about their life expectancies, that 61 funeral parlors in the district had gone out of business between 1940 and 1946, and that 3,500 births had occurred there in 1945, as against only 100 deaths. (He didn't bother to append a footnote to this last statistic explaining that the Harkness Pavilion, where numerous babies destined to live in other districts are born, is situated in the Twenty-first, but in politics there is rarely time for footnotes.) Crammed with pertinent facts and figures, Javits began to make himself a familiar sight, and sound, on upper Broadway and its environs. For a couple of months, he delivered half a dozen speeches a night, often from a white truck with a paralyzingly loud amplifier on it, which became known in the community as the Javits Dream Boat. He also dropped in at some eight hundred local retail establishments, none of them funeral parlors, where he buttonholed from 5 to 50 housewives a visit. Having ascertained that the district was an exceptionally literate one, he spent a mere $58 on cigars but put out $500 for pencils, which had his name inscribed on them and which he gave to anybody who would take one. All in all, the campaign cost around seventy-five hundred dollars (twenty-five hundred of which was Javits' own money), including such items as $106.08 for banners, $328.46 for posters, and $35.23 for lollipops that he and his cohorts passed out, principally to nonvoters. Javits smiled at, or gently patted the heads of, countless neighborhood children but, according to his recollection of those bustling days, did not kiss a single one. "People don't want you to kiss their babies," he said later. "It is insanitary."

Javits got a couple of lucky breaks in 1946. For one thing, the Democrats selected an un-
Inspiring candidate to run against him. For another, the non-Javrrs vote was split when the American Labor Party put up a man of its own. On top of that, Javrrs identified himself, to the disgust of his opponents, as a highly unorthodox kind of Republican, coming out in favor of the Office of Price Administration and against the National Association of Manufacturers. It is perhaps not quite true that the emergence of Javrrs in the Twenty-first District was comparable, as one of his more rhapsodic admirers has claimed, to a flower's suddenly blooming in a cesspool, but in any event he won by 6,000 votes over his nearest rival, notwithstanding the fact that, owing to a slip-up on the part of the Board of Elections, the name of the Republican candidate for Congress in the Twenty-second District erroneously appeared in place of Javrrs' on one voting machine in the Twenty-first.

Soon after taking his seat in Congress, in January 1947, Javrrs established himself as a maverick in the Republican herd that then constituted the legislative majority. During the Eightieth Congress, for example, when the Republican leaders in the House advocated easing up on rent controls, Javrrs voted to strengthen them. It pains some of the old-guard Republicans to see a man dressed in their colors behave every now and then, as Javrrs does, like one of the opposition. "Why are you always against us?" a Republican legislator once asked him sorrowfully at a party caucus. Actually, Javrrs is not always against the Republicans, but when he is with them, it is often only to vote on routine legislation. In the Eightieth Congress, he sided with the majority of his fellow-Republicans about 60 percent of the time; in the Eighty-first he has been with them only 25 percent of the time—by far the most heretical record of any of the Republican delegation from New York State. Tris Coffin, a Washington correspondent, has referred to him as "the cross of the GOP," and a member of the Democratic bloc in the House said cheerfully, not long ago, "We thank God for Javrrs, because in a crucial situation we can almost always count on him for another vote." Javrrs professes to be hurt both by the Democrats' thus taking his vote for granted and by the Republicans viewing him as a distant and eccentric cousin. He considers himself a perfectly bona-fide Republican, in the tradition of Theodore Roosevelt, Fiorello LaGuardia, and Wendell Willkie.

Javrrs is not the kind of legislator who gets along easily with clubhouse politicians. He prefers dry Martinis to straight bourbon and has spoken up on the floor of the House in favor of art, throwing in learned references to such esoteric figures as Rembrandt and Grandma Moses. The clubhouse boys, while respecting his possession of the basic political asset, the ability to win elections, are leery of such carryings-on and of the intensity of his preoccupation with serious issues. They cannot comprehend a man who, 3 years before the scheduled end of the European recovery program, will make, as Javrrs did last year, a 20-minute speech in Congress outlining a plan he has conceived all by himself for a post-ERP plan. "Jack don't fall into the category of what the mob calls the regular-guy category," one high-placed old-time Republican politician in New York recently said. "He's too polished and dignified. Why, I went to a party at his house once and he had artists and scientists there—people like that." Javrrs hopes to stick with politics, and since being a Representative is an uncertain occupation—involving running for office every 2 years—he would like to extend his theater of operations. He had hopes of doing so by becoming the Fusion candidate for mayor last year. When Newbold Morris got the designation instead, Javrrs sportingly agreed to serve as chairman of his campaign committee, undoubtedly figuring that the position would help him to get better acquainted with the mob and perhaps even in time to be accepted as a regular guy.

In 1948, running for reelection to Congress, again with both Republican and Liberal blessing, Javrrs had a harder time retaining his seat than he had had getting it. The Democrats, recalling how badly they had fared 2 years earlier in a threecornered race, joined the American Labor Party in putting up Paul O'Dwyer, who not only proved to be a forceful candidate in his own right but had the advantage of being the Mayor's brother. To meet the challenge of this formidable adversary, Javrrs campaigned even more earnestly than he had in 1946. He had innumerable persuasive brochures printed, among them one advising voters that the difference between a Javrrs defeat and a Javrrs victory would be the difference between a $50 grocery bill and a $10 one, as well as the difference between a tepee in Central Park and a home with a wood-burning fireplace and a footstool. He went to such trouble to make a special appeal to every conceivable voting group that he even imported a testimonial from George Marakian, a San Francisco restauranteur man with high standing in ArmenianAmerican circles, and had copies of it printed in Armenian for distribution among the few dozen voters in the Twenty-first District who could read that language. For voters whose reading was confined to comic books, Javrrs got one up. The climax showed its hero, Colorado Senator Javrrs, brought in and soothing an enraged veteran who, on the brink of being tossed out of his home, had threatened to shoot a marshal trying to enforce the eviction order and was holding the entire neighborhood at bay. (The incident related in the comic book was not based on fact, but, as one of Javrrs' campaign workers noted afterward, what incidents in comic books are?) Javrrs' opposition aimed a barrage of equally spirited literature at him. The American Labor Party
was particularly active, claiming that he was a crony of Governor Dewey's, stressing his having hobnobbed with bankers, and calling him "a Big Business Representative, a demagogue who poses as a liberal to deceive an independent, progressive community." The real Javras, notwithstanding this stream of ammunition as stanchly as the comic-book Javras had risked the fire of the distraught veteran, squeezed out a victory over O'Dwyer by less than 2,000 votes.

What with elections to the House coming up every 2 years, its Members who hope to stay in it generally make a point of keeping themselves, or their names, on display as much as possible in their home districts. Javras worries so much about his legislative responsibilities (he has admitted to having once spent a sleepless night brooding about how he should vote the next day on a single amendment) that he isn't able to participate personally as much as he would like in community affairs in northern Manhattan, but he is omnipresent there in spirit. In his name, for instance, residents of the Twenty-first are offered free advice on rent problems by a dozen politically minded lawyers who take turns giving counsel at five clubhouses—four Republican and one Liberal—in the Twenty-first, a service that nearly 5,000 of Javras' constituents have availed themselves of. His name, furthermore, receives wide institutional circulation. He is a trustee of the Jewish Memorial Hospital, a director of the Manhattan Civic Club, an honorary director of the Inwood Community Center, an overseer of the Jewish Theological Seminary, an honorary adviser of the Gold Star Window Committee of the Temple of the Covenant, and a member of the advisory board of Aufbau, a German-English weekly that has some 20,000 readers in the district and in whose advertising columns he has had himself to boost his campaign as "Dein Kandidat." His most enterprising scheme for keeping himself firmly established in the consciousness of his constituents has been to send a multigraphed letter twice annually to every one of the 90,000 heads of families in the district. In anticipation of this semianual event, Javras makes a long speech on the floor of the House, summarizing his legislative accomplishments during the previous half year. Then, after the speech has appeared in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, he buys reprints of it, to send out with his letter, at the bargain rate of a third of a cent a piece. Even so, and even though he enjoys the use of the congressional frank and therefore doesn't have to pay postage on this sort of correspondence, it costs him nearly $2,000—mostly for having envelopes addressed—every time he thus unburdens himself.

Javras always closes his reports home by urging his constituents not to hesitate to call on him or write to him any time they are so minded. Many of them don't have to be urged. He receives between 50 and 100 letters daily, and is extremely careful about acknowledging, or having some member of his staff acknowledge, all of them, except those written by crackpots and nonconstituents. As a lawmaker of a Nation whose law is often word in distant lands, he receives in his mail a regular sprinkling of communications from Egypt, Argentina, Ireland, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Korea, Bulgaria, Denmark, and other regions outside the Twenty-first Congressional District. He is also bombarded with ponderous tomes bearing the imprimatur of such do-gooder groups as the National Grain Trade Council, the American Near East Society, and the Chiefs' Council of the Tonawanda Band of the Seneca Indians. Many organizations with axes to grind put all Congressmen on their mailing lists and keep them there the year around; others seek out the legislative eye, or ear, only when working toward some particular end. On the whole, Javras has been less pestered by spokesmen for special-interest groups than Congressmen are often thought to be. "No lobbyist ever offered to take me to dinner, or to the theater, or get me a girl, or anything," he said the other day. "I guess I have the reputation of being unapproachable and pretty busy, and well enough off to buy my own dinner. When I first came to Washington, the lobbyists ignored me because I was considered too unimportant to be worth cultivating. Now that I am worth the effort, the people know where I stand on things, practically those lobbyists who don't pester me up are those who represent idealistic causes, and they can't afford to take me to dinner. I usually end up by having to take them to dinner."

Only a fraction of Javras' mail from home contains expressions of sentiment on national issues. Most of it consists of appeals for help from people who, finding themselves in real or imaginary trouble, are bombarding the congressman with the notion of writing to their Congressman about them. A sampling of Javras' correspondence a while back unearthed a letter from a man who wanted the Government to pay him $15,000 compensation for the oversight of an Army surgeon who had left a sponge in his stomach during an operation; one from a widow who wanted to find out if his wife had owned any war bonds that he didn't know about; one from a laborer who had worked on the Panama Canal from 1904 to 1920 and wanted to collect some money he thought he had coming to him through a retroactive increase in pay authorized by a 1944 act of Congress; one from a manufacturer of concrete window frames who wanted the Federal Housing Administration to show an interest in his product; one from a mail carrier whose feet hurt and who wanted a transfer to the more sedentary position of postal clerk; one from an applicant for a civil-service rating who wanted an investigation made of the fact that he had been allowed only an hour and a half to take a 2-hour exam; and one from a gentleman
who wanted a Spanish-American War pension for himself and, for his three sons a commission in the Regular Army, an appointment to the Naval Academy, and a page's job in the House. Even if Javits had been eager to assist the prospective page-boy, he couldn't have done much about it. As far as patronage is concerned, his personal pickings have been very slim. A Republican Congressman, and especially a junior one, is unlikely these days to get more than a whiff of the pork barrel, much less to have a chance to dip deep into it. Aside from the six Government-paid posts on his own staff, Javits has had only a couple of plums to dispense, neither of them notably juicy. Both were $2,400-a-year jobs—a guard's and an elevator operator's—on the House staff.

Constituents who want Javits to do something for them frequently prefix their requests with some such generality as "Since I know that you have but to wave a wand they have to happen, I don't have to do anything if you—. The assumption is false. In only about 25 percent of the cases in which Javits is invited to wave a wand is he able to do anything like what he has been asked to do, a circumstance that is carefully taken account of in the conduct of his office. Not long ago, in the course of transferring a young lady from his personal staff to a job in his law firm, he explained to her apologetically that he was shifting her not because she lacked industry or efficiency but simply because she lacked sufficient warmth for the job; it was imperative for a man in his position, he went on, to have assistants who could give comfort and sympathy to the 75 percent of his constituents for whom no more substantial service could be rendered. Her successor is a young lady whose "Sorry, no dice" is as gentle and soothing as a lullaby.

Despite his inability to make the dreams of 75 percent of his constituents come true, Javits is diligent about going through the motions of pleasing their causes, however lost. When the Federal Government is involved, he or one of his staff dutifully gets in touch with the agency concerned, and since all appropriations bills originate in the House, the Congressman's avowal of interest almost always results in swift, though seldom favorable, action. If it is a New York State matter—as in the case of a man who complained that his son had been discriminated against in an examination for State prison guards, or in the case of a deposed no-no horsey whose name was among a commission reinstated—Javits usually turns it over to a State assemblyman from his district with whom he is on cordial terms, and who, of course, gets to vote on appropriations for State agencies. Then there are constituents who want nothing in particular of the Federal or the State Government but, feeling that a congressional blessing is useful anywhere, beseech Javits to furnish them with letters of recommendation for jobs in private industry or with character references to supplement their children's applications for admission to colleges. And, finally, there are those who ask for tickets to the Army-Navy football game, to which, because he is allotted 16 seats a year, 8 on each side of the field, Javits gets so many requests for these from powerful political associates—to say nothing of ordinary constituents, who control only a single vote—that since becoming a Congressman he has attended no Army-Navy game himself.

For all services rendered, and comfort and sympathy bestowed, Javits expects no special thanks from his constituents, except, perhaps, votes the next time he may need them. Now and then, however, a constituent who knows that Javits is still a partner, though a largely inactive one, in Javits & Javits offers to throw a bit of business his way. Javits is at liberty to accept such a token of gratitude unless it is little short of involving the Federal Government, in which he may refer his would-be benefactor to someone else in the firm but may not touch the case himself. Just as his political life affects his professional life, so does it affect his home life. His wife cannot switch from one neighborhood grocer to another, for instance, without explaining at great and mollifying length her reason for making the change; grocers, after all, are voters.

Javits has been married twice, the first time, in 1933, to a daughter of one of the Ringling brothers. They were divorced 3 years afterward. In 1947, he married Marion Ann Boris, a young lady 20 years his junior. They have two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, named Joshua, after the late Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman, who officiated at the Javitses' wedding, was born the day before the current session of Congress convened. The birth of the girl, named Joy, occurred in September 1948, on a day, as it happened, when Javits had scheduled a political tea at his home for fifty ladies from his district who were working to get him reelected. Mr. Javits, exhibiting in fine measure the patience required of the wives of Congressmen, played hostess most of the afternoon and had her baby that night. The Javitses met at Fusion Campaign Headquarters in New York in the fall of 1945. The then Miss Boris, a native of Detroit who wanted to be an actress, had taken a campaign job during a lull in her theatrical career. They were married 2 years later, in spite of the fact that one night, early in 1947, when Javits had asked Miss Boris out to dinner she had to compete for his attention with a delegation of Greeks who were trying to persuade him to plump for increased aid to their country.

The Javitses have two homes—a three-room apartment in Washington, on the edge of Georgetown, and a seven-room apartment at 652465—35160
in New York, at 450 Riverside Drive. Their home here is just a few blocks west of that of JAVITS' most illustrious constituent, Dwight D. Eisenhower. JAVITS is delighted to be the general's representative. When Eisenhower ascended to the throne of Columbia University and to residence on Morningside Drive, the Congressman took note of the honor that had been conferred on his district by saying on the floor of the House, "We will try to make him comfortable in the Twenty-first and we will try to make him very happy. The General's view of the Hudson River and the Palisades, which is truly magnificent as seen from our district, will, we believe, make him feel that New York can be very beautiful, homelike, and a real rest from the labors of war while he undertakes the arts of peace." A friend who had read this speech of welcome visited JAVITS at home and, after enjoying the magnificent view of the Hudson and the Palisades from his window, voiced his doubt that Eisenhower could see either of them from Morningside Drive. "Don't quibble," said JAVITS. "The General can see them from his office any-
way." The friend, a real quibbler, later en-
countered one of Eisenhower's aides and asked about the view of the Hudson and the Palisades from the office. "Can't see either one from there," said the aide. "There are too damn many buildings in the way."

Every Saturday, barring acts of God or Congress, JAVITS holds open court for his constituents. Congressmen are granted free office space, when it is available, in Fed-
eral buildings within their districts, and may take advantage of this prerogative, but the only eligible buildings in the Twenty-
first are a couple of overcrowded post offices. JAVITS estimates that it would cost him at least $5,000 a year to maintain an office in his district, and since the law office is already set up, he uses that. On a normal Saturday, he may have around 20 appointments with constituents, and, inasmuch as they often show up in delegations, may receive as many as 50 or a hundred of them. It is a fairly simple matter for any constituent, or group of constituents, to get an appointment with him; few businessmen are as readily acces-
sible to customers as most Congressmen are to voters from their districts.

One recent Saturday, the first of JAVITS' callers was a colored woman employed by a Federal agency, who informed him that her supervisor, in making recommendations for promotions, had been discriminating against her for 8 years because she was a Negro. JAVITS said he would have an investigation instituted at once. Then came a Puerto Rican, who hoped JAVITS could arrange to have a disability pension he was drawing as a result of the Second World War paid to him in a lump sum, rather than in the monthly installments he had been getting, so that he could start a small business. JAVITS said that he would inquire into the possibili-
ties but that he was doubtful. Then came a naturalized German Jew, who carried on alternately and interminably about the re-
vivification of nazism in Germany and a plan he had for mixing alcohol and gasoline to take the place of fuel oil. JAVITS listened to him for 20 minutes, and finally said, "I understand, I understand, but what do you want me to do?" It turned out the man didn't have anything specific in mind; he just wanted to talk to somebody. Then came two men who were planning to make a non-
partisan survey of the state of civil rights in a portion of the West Side of Manhattan and hoped JAVITS would be a cochairman, along with Representative FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr., whose district, the Twentieth, was also involved. JAVITS said he'd be glad to, and asked what ground they proposed to survey. From Fifty-ninth Street to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, they told him, and JAVITS possibly having in mind the fact that the only part of his district to be covered would be a stretch from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth down to One Hundred and Fourteenthf Street, urged them to extend their northern limit to One Hundred and Thirty-fifth. "You wouldn't want to cut Manhattanville in half, would you?" he asked sternly. They agreed that that would be an ungalant thing to do, and departed. Then came a businessman, who during the Second World War had lost a consignment of brush bristles in Switzer-
land. He said the Swiss Government had confiscated them and had paid him only a fraction of their worth. As a German refugee to this country and technically an enemy alien he had been helpless at the time, but now he was a naturalized American citizen, and would JAVITS please prevail upon the State Department to intercede with the Swiss, so he could be paid in full?

"I'll do what I can," JAVITS told him. "But you must remember that I can't force the Federal Government to do anything for you. I'm only a small part of the Government. All I can do is use my influence."

"That would be fine," said his visitor. "And I can't begin to tell you how much I appreci-
ate your listening to my private troubles. I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your valuable time."

"Don't be silly," said JAVITS. "That's a Con-
gressman's job. That's my duty."